

TIM
McCOY

No. 16

WESTERN MOVIE STORIES

10¢
FBI

TIM MCCOY



GUEST
STARS

John Wayne
AND
Montgomery Clift

J.B. McRAE

WESTERN STARS

BANG
BANG
BANG

BANG
BANG
BANG

TIM IS ONE OF THE
WORLD'S FASTEST
TRIGGER MEN... HE
CAN YANK HIS SIX
SHOOTER FROM ITS
HOLSTER, FAN THE HAM-
MER, AND PUT SIX SLUGS IN THE
TARGET, ALL IN TWO-THIRDS OF A SECOND!

MARIO REMMED



HE IS CALLED NEE-HEE CHA-UTH
(HIGH EAGLE) BY HIS INDIAN FRIENDS



Colonel
TIM MCCOY

STAR OF MOTION PICTURES FOR
THE LAST 20 YEARS HE RECEIVED
THE TITLE OF COLONEL WHEN HE
SERVED AS OFFICER IN THE UNITED
STATES ARMY

RIDERS OF THE WEST

COL. TIM M'COY FOILS THE CATTLE RUSTLERS



CATTLE RUSTLING ON MA TURNER'S RANCH NEAR RED BLUFF HAS BECOME VERY SERIOUS. IN THE LAST RAID, ONE OF MA'S NEIGHBORS HAS BEEN KILLED TRYING TO PREVENT THE THEFT. THIS STORY IS TAKEN FROM A MONOGRAM MOVIE STARRING TIM MCCOY, BUCK JONES AND RAYMOND HATTON. IT OPENS WITH MA TURNER CALLING THE U. S. MARSHAL FOR AID.

THAT YOU MARSHAL ROBERTS? YOU'D BETTER GET ON DOWN HERE. THOSE RUSTLERS HAVE JUST MURDERED BILL THOMPSON. YES, I SAID.

MURDERED!

YEAH, THAT OLD BATTLEAXE, MA TURNER WON'T MISS 'EM.

BUT PA, SUPPOSE THEY FIND OUT THAT YOU WERE IN ON THAT JOB. DON'T FORGET SOME BODY DRILLED THOMPSON.

DON'T EVER MENTION THAT AGAIN! BESIDES, I GOT NOTHIN TO FEAR. AIN'T THE SHERIFF AND ME AND DUKE MASON PARTNERS IN THIS DEAL?

WELL, JIM, THAT'S A RIGHT SMART HAIL. DUKE MASON'S GONNA BE PLEASED WITH THIS HERD.



IN THE U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE
AT SANTA FE

THEY EXPECT ME, SO I'LL GO
ALONE. BANDY, YOU FOLLOW
IN YOUR PEDDLER'S OUTFIT, AND
YOU, TIM, CAN PRETEND YOU'RE
AN OUTLAW AND TRY TO
JOIN THAT MOB.

OKAY, BUCK,
BETTER GET
GOING.

REWARD

THIS WAS A NICE
HAUL, DUKE. 'BOUT
THREE HUNDRED
HEAD.

AT TWENTY
BUCKS A HEAD
THAT'S SIX
THOUSAND YOU
OWE ME, DUKE.

I RECKON NOT, JIM.
ME 'N' DUKE THINKS
YOU ONLY OUGHT TO
GET FIVE BUCKS
A HEAD.

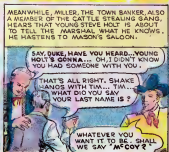
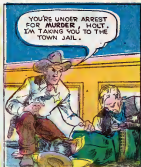
WHY YOU DOUBLE
CROSSIN' ME, JIM?
I SAID —

EEEEAA

BANG!

YOU MURDERER!
YOU KILLED MY
FATHER!!

NICE LITTLE TOWN,
RED BLUFF... HEY!
THAT'S GUNFIRE!!
COME ON STAR,
LET'S GO!!





BUT I TELL YOU WE'RE NOT SAFE AS LONG AS YOUNG HOLT IS ALIVE.

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME KIDNAP HIM FOR YOU?



KIDNAP? ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU MEAN GET HIM OUT OF JAIL? CAN YOU DO IT?

YOU BET / JUST YOU LEAVE IT TO ME!

MEANWHILE BUCK ROBERTS VISITS MA TURNER.



HOWDY, MAAM. I'M THE U.S. MARSHAL BUCK ROBERTS. CAN I COME IN?

INDEED YOU CAN, MARSHAL. I'VE BEEN A-LOOKIN' FOR YOU.



YEAH, THEY THINK HE'S AN OUTLAW, BUT TIM IS REALLY A U.S. MARSHAL. HE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO.

THAT'S DANGEROUS BUSINESS, MARSHAL. THERE'S THREE MEN BEEN KILLED ALREADY.



SO THERE'S A STOOL PIGEON IN THE GANG. I'D BETTER WARN DUKE MASON.



NOW YOU RIDE LIKE THE
DEVIL AND TELL DUKE
MASON WHAT I SAID

OKAY, RED.

TIM HAS TO WORK FAST ...




AH! A TRAP-
DOOR. NOW
IF I CAN
ONLY GET
IT OPEN ...



WHO ARE YOU,
STRANGER, AND
WHAT DO YOU
WANT, BREAKING
INTO JAIL
THIS WAY?

SAVE THE
QUESTIONS
UNTIL LATER,
YOUNG FELLOW.
I'VE COME TO
GET YOU OUT
OF HERE.



WE GOT TO GET TO MA TURNER'S
RANCH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
I'VE GOT TO KEEP YOU OUT OF
DUKE MASON'S HANDS.



HAVEN'T LOST MY OLD
TOUCH, COME ON, YOUNG
FELLOW, NO TIME TO LOSE.

WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING ME?

JUST ABOUT THAT TIME
SANDY DISGUISED AS A
PEDDLER, ARRIVES IN RED BLUFF
AND ENTERS MASON'S SALOON.



**MASON LEADS HIS GANG
TO MA TURNER'S RANCH**

IF WE CAN TAKE
HIM BY SURPRISE WE
CAN FINISH HIM OFF
QUICKLY.

BETTER NOT
HURT THE OLD
LADY, THOUGH.



I'LL TAKE THE FRONT,
SANDY; YOU TAKE THE
BACK. HERE'S MA
TURNER'S RIFLE.

YOU KEEP
THE RIFLE,
BUCK. I'LL
BE ALL
RIGHT WITH
MY SIX-
SHOOTER.



YOU AND YOUR GANG STAY
WHERE YOU ARE, MASON. TAKE
ANOTHER STEP AND I OPEN
FIRE !!

FIRE AWAY !



OK, DUKE, ME AND THE BOYS
WILL KEEP FIRING FROM IN FRONT
OF RE. WHY DON'T YOU AND RED
AND A COUPLE OTHERS SURPRISE
HIM FROM THE REAR.

GOOD IDEA,
I'LL TRY IT !



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.
HOW CAN ONE MAN KEEP
FIRING THROUGH BOTH
THE FRONT AND BACK
WINDOWS AT THE SAME
TIME ?

C'MON, LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE. IT AIN'T
HEALTHY.



LOOK'S LIKE THEY CHANGED THEIR
MINDS, SANDY. THEY'RE BACKIN'
AWAY.

WELL, BE CAREFUL,
BUCK. IT MAY BE A
TRICK TO GET US
OUTA HERE.



MASON'S GANG RETREATS AND
HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR.

WE'D BETTER
HEAD FOR THE
HIDEOUT

AT LEAST WE
CAN PUT UP A
FIGHT THERE.



MEANWHILE TIM AND STEVE ARE
ON THE WAY TO THE TURNER RANCH.

WHO-A, BOY EASY,
THERE! HOLD IT,
STEVE. LET'S SEE
WHO THAT IS
COMIN' TOWARD US.

LOOKS TO
ME LIKE
DUKE MASON
IN THE LEAD



SO YOU FINALLY
GOT HERE, EH?

YEAH, AND I'LL BE
OBLIGED IF YOU DROP
THAT GUN AND HOLD
UP YOUR HANDS.



WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

YOU'RE ALL
UNDER ARREST
I AM A U.S.
MARSHAL.



GIVE ME A ROPE,
SOMEBODY. WE'LL
TIE 'EM BOTH UP.

YOU'LL REGRET THIS,
MASON. YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH IT.



RED LEAPS FROM
HIS SADDLE AND
OVERPOWERS TIM
MCCOY. MASON
ORDERS TIM AND
STEVE BOUND AND
WITH THEIR TWO
PRISONERS THE
CATTLE RUSTLERS
START FOR THEIR
HIDEOUT.

AT THE RUSTLER'S HIDEOUT.

LET'S DIVIDE UP THE MONEY AND GET GOIN'.

WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO?



JUST LEAVE THEM TO ME. THEY WON'T TALK WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THEM.



MASON AND THE GANG RODE INTO TOWN TO MILLER'S BANK TO DIVIDE UP THEIR CATTLE RUSTLING LOOT. MEANWHILE, BUCK AND SANDY GET TO THE HIDEOUT.....

I'LL TAKE THE FRONT, SANDY; YOU TAKE THE BACK AS USUAL.

OKAY, I'LL BE OPENING THE DOOR TO LET YOU IN.



OPEN IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME IN AND GET ME.



THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR AWHILE!



HI, PAL. DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO LET YOU IN? COUPLE OF OUR FRIENDS HERE TOO.



THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO MILLER'S BANK. THEY'RE GOING TO DIVIDE UP THEIR LOOT AND SKIP TOWN.

OKAY, LET'S GET GOIN



THE THREE MARSHALS AND STEVE RIDE HARD AND CATCH UP WITH THE RUSTLERS.....



DON'T SHOOT!
I SURRENDER!

THROW YOUR
GUN AWAY,
MASON.



INTO THE JAIL WITH 'EM ALL.
WE'LL TAKE TURNS GUARDING
THEM.

YESSIR, WE'LL MAKE
SURE THEY DON'T
BREAK OUT.



WELL, MA'AM. I DON'T THINK YOU'LL
BE TROUBLED WITH ANYMORE CATTLE
RUSTLING.

AND WE'RE GLAD WE
WERE ABLE TO GET BACK
THE CATTLE MASON'S GANG
STOLE FROM YOU.



I'M SURE GRATEFUL
TO YOU, GENTLEMEN
YOU CAN ALWAYS
DEPEND ON THE
U.S. MARSHALS.



AND SO, THE RIDERS OF
THE WEST MOVE ON TO
ANOTHER EXCITING
ADVENTURE IN THEIR FIGHT
AGAINST LAWLESSNESS.



NOT ONLY A STAR IN THE FILMS, BUT JIMMY IS THE HEADLINER ON THE "HOLLYWOOD BARN DANCE" ON C.B.S.



ARTIST: DEMARCO

JIMMY WAKELY

STARTED AS A SINGING COWBOY WITH HIS OWN BAND, PLAYING ON THE RADIO AND IN PICTURES. HE IS NOW A WESTERN STAR AT MONO-GRAM STUDIOS.

Bob AICHER



BOB KNOWS THOUSANDS OF SONGS WHICH HE HAS PICKED UP FROM BOYHOOD. HE WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE AFTER HAVING SPENT 25 MONTHS IN THE PACIFIC. HE IS KNOWN AS "THE MAN WITH TEN THOUSAND SONGS."

HOW THE INDIANS TALKED WITHOUT WORDS —

INJUN TALK

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE WAS THE ONE LINK BETWEEN ALL THE TRIBES THAT LIVED IN THE LAND THAT COLUMBUS DISCOVERED... ALTHOUGH EACH TRIBE HAD ITS OWN LANGUAGE, THE SIGN LANGUAGE WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ALL... COL. TIM MCCOY, ONE OF THE FEW WHITE MEN EXPERT IN INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE EXPLAINS SOME OF THE "WORDS WITHOUT TALK" USED BY THE RED MEN...

THE WORDS OF THE INDIANS WERE VERY SIMPLE... MOSTLY THEY TRIED TO GIVE A PICTURE OF THE THOUGHT THEY WERE EXPRESSING... MEMORIZE THESE SIGNS AND LEARN TO EXPRESS YOURSELF WITHOUT WORDS LIKE THE INDIANS



AN INDIAN AND HIS HORSE! THE STRADDLING SIGN FOR AN ANIMAL THAT IS RIDDEN.



THIS IS INDIAN SIGN FOR "BEAR"—
POSITION OF THE FINGERS INDICATES BEAR'S PAWS



THE TEEPEE WAS MADE BY STRETCHING HIDES
AROUND CROSSED POLES—HERE THE CROSSED
FINGERS REPRESENT THE TEEPEE POLES

INDIAN SIGN
FOR MEETING
IS TO HOLD
FINGER TIPS.
LIKE THIS—
IT REPRESENTS
TWO PERSONS
COMING
FACE TO FACE



MOVING THE HANDS TOGETHER IN THIS FASHION
MEANT "SAVING" OR "PARALLEL" IN INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE



COVERING THE RIGHT HAND BY THE LEFT IN THIS
FASHION MEANS "TO HIDE"—AN OUTWARD MOTION
OF THE RIGHT HAND IN THIS POSITION MEANS "TO ESCAPE"

THE HANDS HELD IN THIS POSITION SIGNIFIED "ELK"—NOTE THE SPREAD FINGERS IN IMITATION OF THE ANIMAL'S ANTLERS



THIS GESTURE MEANS "TO ARRIVE" OR "GET SOMEWHERE" IN INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE—THE INDEX FINGER AND PALM INDICATE A SPECIFIC PLACE, AND TO GET TO A SPECIFIC PLACE MEANS "TO ARRIVE"



THIS SIGN MEANS "HEART" BUT IT IS MOSTLY USED IN COMBINATION WITH OTHER INDIAN SIGNS TO INDICATE VARIOUS EMOTIONS



INDIANS USED THIS SIGN TO EXPRESS THE VERBS "TO LOOK" OR "TO HUNT"—THE OUTSTRETCHED FINGERS INDICATE THE DIRECTION OF THE EYES



THIS GESTURE SIGNIFIED "HUNGER"—IT WAS USED FREQUENTLY, FOR LIVING AS HE DID OFF THE LAND, THE INDIAN WAS FREQUENTLY HUNGRY WHEN GAME WAS SCARCE



WHEN AN INDIAN WANTED TO EXPRESS SORROW HE POINTED TO HIS EYES LIKE THIS, THEN WITH HIS FINGERS HE SHOWED THE PATH OF HIS TEARS



THE CUTTING MOTION OF THIS GESTURE INDICATES A DECISION, A DEFINITIVE ACT

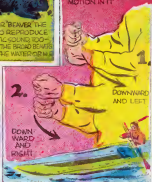


WHEN AN INDIAN WANTED TO EXPRESS SORROW HE POINTED TO HIS EYES LIKE THIS, THEN WITH HIS FINGERS HE SHOWED THE PATH OF HIS TEARS



IN THIS SIGN FOR "BEAVER" THE INDIAN TRIED TO REPRODUCE A CHARACTERISTIC SOUND TOO--THE SOUND OF THE BEAVER'S TAIL SLAPPING THE WATER OR HIS

TO THE INDIAN, A CANOE MEANT "PADDLE"--IT IS NOT SURPRISING THEREFORE THAT THE INDIAN SIGN CANOE HAD A PADDLE FOR MOTION IN IT



TO THE INDIAN, THE SNAKE PERSONIFIED MOTION—SO THE INDIAN SIGN FOR "SNAKE" CARRIES WITH IT A MOVEMENT THAT REMINDS YOU OF THE ANIMAL ITSELF



THIS SIGN MEANS "MONEY" IN INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE—THE CIRCLE REPRESENTS THE SILVER COIN WHICH WAS THE FIRST ACTUAL MONEY THE INDIANS EVER SAW



BEFORE THE SPANIARDS INTRODUCED THE HORSE INTO NORTH AMERICA, THE DOG WAS THE INDIAN BEAST OF BURDEN—BECAUSE HE PULLED THE TRAWLS WHEN THE INDIAN MOVED, THIS BECAME THE INDIAN SYMBOL FOR "DOG"



THIS WAS THE SYMBOL FOR "BIRD"—A SMALL BIRD WAS SHOWN BY RAPIDLY MOVING WINGS—A LARGE BIRD MOVED ITS WINGS MORE SLOWLY—SOME INDIANS ALSO ADDED THE BIRD'S DISTINCTIVE CALL



THIS GESTURE WITH THE HANDS EXTENDED AND THE HEAD INCLINED TOWARD THEM, MEANT "SLEEP" TO THE INDIAN—WITH THESE AND MANY OTHER SIMILAR WORD SIGNS, WHOLE CONVERSATIONS WERE OFTEN CARRIED ON WITHOUT A SOUND EVER BEING UTTERED



WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT INDIAN SIGNS? IF YOU DO, WRITE TO COL. TIM MCCOY, CARE OF CHARLTON COMICS, INC., CHARLTON BLDG., DERBY, CONN., AND PERHAPS THE COLONEL WILL SHOW YOU MORE INDIAN WORD-SIGNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE

PORTUGEE PHILLIPS' RIDE

An Epic of the Indian Wars

A Story of the Wild West from Tim McCoy's Scrap Book

You've heard of the ride of Paul Revere, who sped twenty-six miles to spread the alarm that the Redcoats were coming.

You've heard of the desperate ride of General Phil Sheridan up the Shenandoah Valley to his troops during the Civil War.

But there's one ride in American history about which all too little has been told, and that's the ride of Portugee Phillips back in the winter of 1866, when he brought help to the besieged American troops penned in Fort Phil Kearney by the marauding Sioux Indians.

That's the story to be told here.

Fort Phil Kearney was built on the banks of Percy Creek, a branch of the Powder River. It was built in defiance of the Sioux, whose leader Red Cloud, looked on its establishment as a declaration of war. Commanding the fort was General Henry B. Carrington.

Gen. Carrington started building Fort Phil Kearney in the summer of 1866. Two days later, the Indians made their first attack. From that time forward, the fort and anyone who tried to approach it became targets for the Sioux' attack.

The soldiers found their Indian foes never slept. If a sentry exposed himself on a moonlit night, a bullet from the bush killed him. A man never left the stockade without knowing he might never see it again. Soldiers disappeared and were never seen again; that meant they were carried away for torture by the Indians.

It was on the morning of Friday, December 21st, 1866, that this story really starts. Gen. Carrington looked at the fort and decided that one more reinforcement would finish the hospital, the last building on the list. A detachment of 55 men started for the hills to get the word. A lookout soon signalled that the men had been attacked by the Sioux.

To reinforce the wood train, Gen. Carrington sent 76 men under Capt. William J. Fetterman, a veteran of the Civil War. The General gave Fetterman some specific orders: not to pursue the Indians beyond a certain ridge.

Fetterman disobeyed his orders; the waiting Indians ambushed his troops, and they died to a man. When a relief party finally found the bodies of Fetterman's troops, the Captain had a bullet hole in his left temple that showed, from the powder burns that he had saved his last shot for himself, to escape capture.

The next morning dawned raw and blustery. Snow was on the ground, but there was more to come. Gen. Carrington himself led a force out of the fort to recover the rest of the bodies of his ambushed troops.

That night the women and children were placed in the powder magazine, and a trusted officer was placed in charge. He was told to blow the magazine up—with everyone in it—if the Indians captured the fort.

During the night, the blizzard broke. The thermometer fell to 30 degrees below zero. Sentries could stand the intense cold only 20 minutes at a time. Feet, ears and noses were frostbitten. Inside the fort, the harried soldiers and their families waited for the Red Doom to strike.

The nearest help lay at Fort Laramie, 236 miles to the south. If word could be gotten through, the fort might be saved. There was no telegraph. The situation called for a volunteer. The General asked for someone to volunteer.

Even in time of peace, such a ride over broken snow-covered country meant almost certain death from freezing. The blizzard was so intense you couldn't see a hundred yards ahead. And with the country swarming with hostile Indians, it was a demand to one against any fool willing to risk it.

But there was one man—John Phillips, an old Indian fighter and scout, commonly known as "Portagee." He knew the country. "I'll go," he said, simply. Carrington gave him his own horse. Portagee wrapped himself in a huge buffalo coat, took some hardback biscuits for himself and a sack of grain for his horse. Then he slipped out through a side gate into the raging storm.

He expected to be seen before he had gone half a mile. At first he walked, leading his horse. Then at last, with the wind and snow whipping around him, he mounted and rode, rode like a madman through the dark.

The Indians never dreamed that a white man would dare brave the fury of the storm. But Portagee Phillips rode on. When day broke he stopped to feed his horse, ate a few of his crackers and watched them down with melted snow. Then back into the saddle again.

How he found his way through the snowdrifts, from five to 20 feet deep, no one will ever know. The blizzard swept down from the Big Horn Mountains with greater fury, but still he rode on.

Night fell, but still Portagee and his mount rode on. At dawn on the second day Portagee Phillips reached Horse Shoe Station, 40 miles from Fort Laramie and 190 miles from Fort Phil Kearney.

He telegraphed his news to Laramie, but because he didn't trust the telegraph, he rode on. His instinct was right; the message never got through.

Portagee looked more like a ghost than a man. His beard was a mass of icicles. His hands, knees and feet were frozen. But still he rode on.

At Fort Laramie, the officers and ladies of the garrison were holding a Christmas Eve ball. Everyone was in holiday spirit; music and laughter rang out through the crisp, cold night, for the snow had stopped.

Suddenly the dancers heard a sharp challenge of the sentry. There came the sound of men rushing, then the call for the officer of the day. Looking out the windows they saw a horse lying on the snow-covered ground, breathing its last. It was dying of exhaustion.

Then, in through the door, staggered an unbelievable figure, wrapped in a gigantic buffalo coat. He stumbled for a moment, then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the light, he saw the post commander. He poured out a story of horror which soon ended the festivities of the night.

His message delivered, Portagee fell unconscious from exposure and exhaustion. Kind hands lifted him and carried him to a bed. Even with his rugged physique, it took him weeks to recover from this terrible ordeal. To this day, his ride remains without a parallel in American history.

Overnight the U. S. Government discovered it had a real Indian war on its hands against the Sioux. Immediately four companies of infantry marched to the relief of Fort Phil Kearney, and fresh ammunition and supplies were sent up to the beleaguered soldiers.

In the face of this strength, the Sioux withdrew to their favorite camping grounds for the winter. The fort had been saved—through the heroism of Portagee Phillips.

What happened to him? Government records show that he was paid \$300 by the Government for that cruel ride "and other scouting duties." The Sioux never forgot him and swore vengeance. Six years later they killed all his cattle, virtually wiping him out. He died in 1883 at Cheyenne, Wyoming, practically penniless.

That's the story of Portagee Phillips' ride. Two hundred and thirty miles through a blizzard in forty-eight hours! That's an exploit for every American to remember with pride!

JOHNNY MACK BROWN



MR. ACTION
PLUS!



JOHNNY'S LIFE STORY IS AS EXCITING AS THE ACTION PICTURES HE MAKES. HIS GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER WENT OUT WEST AND WED AN INDIAN PRINCESS, SO THAT MAKES HIM PART INDIAN.

SPORTS WRITERS PICKED JOHN FOR ALL-AMERICAN, WHEN PLAYING IN THE FAMOUS PASADENA ROSE BOWL, HE CAUGHT A 59 YARD PASS, AND RACED FOR A TOUCHDOWN, DEFEATING THE OPPOSITION BY A SINGLE POINT!



RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

Howard Hawks
PRESENTS

Red River

STARRING JOHN WAYNE AS THOMAS DUNSON
AND
MONTGOMERY CLIFT AS MATTHEW GARTH



THE FIRST CATTLE DRIVE OVER THE CHISOLM TRAIL
FROM TEXAS TO ABILENE, KANSAS, BY MEN WHO
FORGED THE CIVIL WAR HISTORY OF TEXAS, IS THE
BASIS OF THIS STIRRING HOWARD HAWKS MONTGOMERY
PRODUCTION.

See Showman



"RED RIVER" BEGINS 14 YEARS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR. THOMAS DUNSON IS A MAN OF DECISION IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES. GROOT NADINE IS OLDER, BUT THE INSEPARABLE PARTNER OF DUNSON BOTH STARTED FROM THE EAST WITH A WAGON TRAIN FOR CALIFORNIA.

BOTH HAVE AN EYE SET FOR GOOD GRAZING LAND DUNSON DECIDES TO LEAVE THE TRAIN AND HEAD FOR TEXAS WHERE GRASS IS GOOD FOR BEEF AND VAST STRETCHES OF LAND CONJURE UP VISIONS OF A HUGE DUNSON CATTLE EMPIRE.



WHILE GROOT NADINE WAITS DUNSON SAYS GOODBYE TO FEN WHO WANTS TO JOIN THEM. DUNSON PROMISES TO SEND FOR HER AND GIVES HER A GOLD BRACELET TO BIND THE BARGAIN.

THAT NIGHT DUNSON AND NADINE SEE SIGNS OF A HEAVY FIRE AND REALIZE THE WAGON TRAIN HAS BEEN ATTACKED THEY SEEK COVER.



BEFORE MORNING THEY ARE ATTACKED THEMSELVES BY A ROVING BAND OF INDIANS THEY KILL THREE BUT ON THE WRIST OF ONE DUNSON FINDS THE BRACELET HE GAVE FEN.



THEY COME UPON A 13 YEAR OLD BOY LEADING A COW DUNSON LEARNS THE BOY'S NAME, MATTHEW GARTH, AND HE TELLS THEM OF THE MASSACRE DUNSON SOLEMNLY TAKES THE BOY AND HIS COW INTO PARTNERSHIP.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING DUNSON DECIDES AGAINST SETTLING IN THE AREA AND HE AND GROOT HEAD FARTHER SOUTH.

IN THE FOURTEEN YEARS THAT FOLLOW, DUNSON BUILDS HIS CATTLE EMPIRE AND SEES IT FLOURISH BEYOND HIS FINEST DREAMS. WE CAN SEE BEYOND DUNSON TO THE GRAVES OF THE MEN WHO HELPED MAKE THIS VAST EMPIRE. MATTHEW HAS RETURNED FROM THE CIVIL WAR.



DUNSON IS DESPERATE TO FIND A NEW MARKET FOR HIS CATTLE. HE DECIDES TO DRIVE A TREMENDOUS HERD TO MISSOURI. HE BRANDS HIS CATTLE WITH THE RED RIVER BRAND.

MADINE LOSES HIS FALSE TEETH PLAYING POKER WITH AN INDIAN WHO HAS BEEN SIGNED ON AS COOK WITH FIVE OTHER WRANGLERS TO MAKE A FULL CREW.



HE NOW KNOWS DUNSON IS A SLAVE-DRIVING MAN. MATTHEW CALLS DUNSON ON THIS BUT ULTIMATELY GIVES IN.



THE DRIVE FOR MISSOURI STARTS, BUT DUNSON PROVES TO BE A TOUGH MAN TO WORK FOR--HE DRIVES THE MEN PAST A WATER HOLE WHICH IS THE FINAL STRAW FOR MATTHEW.



DURING THE NIGHT BUNK KENNEALLY ONE OF THE MEN, KNOCKS OVER SOME POTS WHILE TRYING TO STEAL SUGAR.

THE CATTLE STAMPEDES AND LATTIMER IS KILLED BY THE EXCITED CATTLE. 600 HEAD OF CATTLE ARE LOST.



DUNSON GOES TO 'GUN WHIP' KENNEALLY BUT BEFORE HE CAN, MATTHEW WOUNDS KENNEALLY WHICH SAVES HIS LIFE AND HE IS SENT HOME.



CHERRY VALANCE, A CREW MEMBER, PREDICTS MORE DESERTIONS AMONG THE MEN AFTER THEY DISCOVER TELLER YACEY AND TWO PAIS HAVE DESERTED DURING THE NIGHT.



WHEN THE DESERTERS ARE BROUGHT BACK, DUNSON WANTS TO HANG THEM, BUT MCKEE AND VALANCE SHOOT AND WOUND HIM.



MATTHEW STEPS IN AND TAKES COMMAND SAYING MELL DRIVE TOWARDS ABILENE NOT MISSOURI.



THE MEN BACK MATTHEW UP AND WHEN THEY LEAVE DUNSON, HE VOWS TO FOLLOW, CATCH THE HERD AND KILL MATTHEW.



MATTHEW DISCOVERS A STEER KILLED BY A COMANCHE ARROW AND SENDS BUSTER AHEAD AS A LOOKOUT.



BUSTER REPORTS BACK WITH A DESCRIPTION OF A WONDERFULL WAGON-TRAIN LOADED WITH BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AND ALL THE FOOD AND COFFEE A MAN COULD WANT.



MATTHEW AGREES TO DRIVE AHEAD AND MEET THE WAGON TRAIN, BUT AS THEY DRAW NEAR THEY HEAR GUNS AND THE CRIES OF SAVAGES



AFTER A TERRIFIC BATTLE THE INDIANS ARE ROUTED AND MATTHEW MEETS TESS MILLAY. SHE HAS BEEN HIT IN THE SHOULDER



MADINE, WHO HAS NOTICED TESS'S GROWING DEVOTION TO MATTHEW, TELLS HER THE STORY OF THE CATTLE DRIVE AND OF DUNSON'S THREAT OF VENGEANCE.



MATTHEW AND THE MEN LEAVE WITH THE HERD AND TWO DAYS LATER DUNSON ARRIVES WITH HIS REINFORCEMENTS.



TESS FINDS OUT HE IS ON HIS WAY TO KILL MATTHEW AND TRIES TO CHANGE HIS MIND.



DUNSON, REALIZING TESS IS IN LOVE WITH MATTHEW, ATTEMPTS TO BRIBE HER AFFECTION WITH A PROMISE OF HALF HIS CATTLE EMPIRE. TESS LEAVES WITH DUNSON AS HE CONTINUES HIS SEARCH FOR MATTHEW.



THE CATTLE FINALLY ARE DRIVEN THROUGH THE STREETS OF ABILENE WHERE A DEALER NAMED MELVILLE IS PREPARED TO BUY THE WHOLE HERD.



MELVILLE HEARS OF DUNSON'S EXPECTED ARRIVAL AND OFFERS TO SPEAK FOR MATTHEW. HE DECLINES SAYING IT IS A PERSONAL MATTER.



TESS AND DUNSON ARRIVE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ABILENE AND TESS PLEADS WITH DUNSON TO ALLOW HER TO GO AHEAD BEFORE DUNSON AND HIS MEN ENTER THE TOWN.



TESS FINDS MATTHEW AND HAS OWNERS WITH HIM BUT HE PUSHES ASIDE ALL TALK OF PEACEFULL SETTLEMENT AS HE MAINTAINS DUNSON IS ENTITLED TO HIS BITTER FEELINGS.



NEXT MORNING DUNSON RIDES INTO TOWN AND FINDS MATTHEW WAITING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. DUNSON DISMOUNTS AND STRIDES TOWARDS MATTHEW, BUT CHERRY VALANCE STEPS OUT AND CHALLENGES DUNSON.



HE IS IGNORED, BUT WHEN HE WARNS DUNSON HE'LL SHOOT DUNSON GRABS AND WOUNDS CHERRY.

DUNSON CALLS ON MATTHEW TO DRAW BUT MATTHEW REFUSES.



DUNSON IS UNABLE TO SHOOT MATTHEW IN COLD BLOOD SO THEY ENGAGE IN A KNOCK-DOWN, DRAG-OUT FIGHT.



TESS HALTS THE FIGHT BY GRABBING A GUN AND THREATENING TO SHOOT BOTH OF THEM.



THE HUMOR OF THE SITUATION HITS BOTH MEN AND DUNSON BREAKS THE TENSION BY SAYING-

WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THAT GIRL?



WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP TELLING PEOPLE WHAT TO DO?



DUNSON HAS A NEW RED RIVER BRAND MADE AND DECLARES MATTHEW A FULL PARTNER. TESS AND MATTHEW EMBRACE AND NADINE GETS READY FOR THE TRIP HOME.





GENE IS ONE OF THE
BEST-KNOWN, MOST POP-
ULAR COWBOY CROONERS
ON RADIO.
HE HAS COMPOSED
OVER 200 SONGS!

**GENE
AUTRY &**

CHAMP

GENE'S LEFT REPUBLIC PICTURES
TO STAR IN A NEW SERIES OF HIGH-
BUDGET WESTERNS AT COLUMBIA
STUDIOS. BETWEEN PICTURES HE
TOURS THE COUNTRY WITH HIS RODEO.

**TWO
CHAMPIONS**



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN /

SINCE THET IS 3:27H! "PEGOS BILL" HAS BEEN HYAR, ALL MA GANG BUT YO TWO RATS HAS TURNED UP IN JAIL!



AH IS COUNTIN' ON YO BOYS TA TAKE CARE O' PEGOS FOR GOOD! IF THIS KEEPS UP, AH WON'T HAVE ANYBODY TA DO MA DIRTY WORK!

DON'T WORRY! THEY DON'T CALL US "DIRTYFACE" AL AND UGLY" MIKE FO NOTHING BOSS!



LATER... GET OFF YO HOSS WIF YO HANDS UP PEGOS! WE IS GONNA PLANT YO UNDER UH CATPOUS!



OUR BOSS BALDY IS FED UP WIF YO INTERFERIN WIF HIS CATTLE RUSTLERS!

WAL, --- YOU DON'T SAY!



DON'T GET SMART WIF US, WE IS MEAN AN NASTY!



HELP!

WHUT--TH?



SWISH!

DON'T LAUGH! THAT
AIN'T GONNA HELP YO!
AH IS GONNA PUT MORE
HOLES IN YO THAN UH SCREEN
DOOR!

HAH!
HAH!

WHUT TH—? OH MA
GOSH—! TH SUN'S
MELTED MA BARREL!



HAH! HAH! THAT'S
TOO BAD!—NOW YO RATS
GET BACK INTO
TOWN!

AN' TELL YOUR BOSS BALDY
IF HE DON'T GIVE HIMSELF UP
TA TH SHERIFF IN FIVE
MINUTES! AH IS A COMIN'
AFTER HIM!



THREE MINUTES
LATER.

PLENTY! YO HAS
JUST TWO MINUTES

TA GO CONFESS TO TH'
SHERIFF, OR PEGOS IS A COMIN'
TA GET YO!

WHUT
WENT
WRONG?



TO GIVE OURSELVES UP!
WITH PEGOS BILL AROUND
TH ONLY SAFE PLACE FO
RATS LIKE US, IS IN JAIL!



OH MY GOSH! AH AIN'T GOT TIME
TA GET OUT O' TOWN!— BUT
— I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

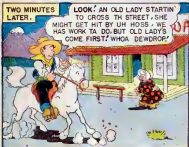


HAH! AH MADE IT! HE
MAY HAVE THE MUSCLE,
BUT AH GOT TH' BRAINS!



TWO MINUTES
LATER.

LOOK! AN OLD LADY STARTIN'
TO CROSS TH' STREET. SHE
MIGHT GET HIT BY UH HOSS. WE
HAS WORK TA DO, BUT OLD LADY'S
GONE FIRST! WHOA! DE'WROP!



HOWDY MAN! AH IS PEGGS BILL.
AH WOULD BE PROUD TA HELP
YO ACROSS TH' STREET!

HUH...?
OH—Y—YES!



YO IS SUCH UH SWEET LIL' OL' LADY.
AH BET YO IS
UH' GRANDMA!

WHUT—ER—HOW
DID YO EVER GUESS?



NOW, GRANNY, YO BETTER GO
HOME, AN TAKE CARE O' THET GULD
YO HAS A FROG IN YO THROAT!





PECOS *Bill*

PECOS BILL IS THE TOUGHEST
IN THE WEST!
HE BRUSHES HIS TEETH
WITH CATCUS, AND
SHINES HIS BOOTS WITH
LIVE WILDCATS!

OH! IF AH HAD TH' WINGS
OF AN ANGEL!

HEH! HEH!



QUIT SHOVIN'!

HURRY GALS AH HAS
TO GET BACK TA NA
CATTLE!

PECOS GIVES ALL TH'
PURTY GALS IN TOWN
A KISS UM WEEK
JUST SO'S TA KEEP UM
HAPPY!

YEAH, WHUT'S HE
GOT? THET WE
AIN'T!



HORSE TYPES

THE ENGLISH SHIRE HORSE, STRONG YET VERY GENTLE. AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE ANIMAL TO THE FARM



THE MUSTANG - STRONG AND SPEEDY. THIS IS THE HORSE USED MOST BY COWBOYS IN THE WEST



A FAST STEPPING SADDLE HORSE. SENSITIVE AND VERY INTELLIGENT



THE ECHIPPUS - A LITTLE DOG LIKE ANIMAL THAT IS ONE OF THE ANCESTORS OF THE HORSE



John G. L.

